

The Coconino Sun.

VOL. XV.

FLAGSTAFF, JULY 23, 1898.

No. 26

"REMEMBER THE MAINE."

When the vengeance wakes, when the battle
breaks,

And the ships sweep out to sea;

When the foe is neared, when the decks are
cleared,

And the colors floating free;

When the squadrons meet, when it's fleet to
fleet

And front to front with Spain;

From ship to ship, from lip to lip

Pass on the quick refrain,

"Remember, remember the Maine!"

When the flag shall sign, "Advance in line,

Train ships on an even keel!"

When the guns shall flash and the shot shall
crash

And bound on the ringing steel;

When the rattling blasts from the armored
masts

Are hurling their deadliest rain,

Let their voices loud through the blinding
cloud,

Cry over the fierce refrain,

"Remember, remember the Maine!"

God's sky and sea in that storm shall be

Fate's chaos of smoke and flame,

But across that hell every shot shall tell,

Not a gun can miss its aim;

Not a blow shall fall on the crumbling mail,

And the waves that engulf the slain

Shall sweep the decks of the blackened wrecks,

With the thundering, dread refrain,

"Remember, remember the Maine!"

—Robert Burns Wilson, in the New York
Herald.

INTER ARMIS.

O Lord Almighty, thou whose hands

Despair and victory give:

In whom, though tyrants tread their lands,

The souls of nations live:

Remember not the days of shame,

The hands with rapine dyed,

The wavering will, the baser aim,

The brute material pride:

Remember, Lord, the years of faith,

The spirits humbly brave,

The strength that died defying death,

The love that loved the slave:

The race that strove to rule thine earth

With equal laws unbought;

Who bore for Truth the pangs of birth

And brake the bonds of Thought.

Remember how, since time began,

Thy dark eternal mind

Through lives of men that fear not man

Is light for all mankind.

Thou wilt not turn thy face away

From those who work thy will,

But send thy strength on hearts that pray

For strength to serve thee still.

—Henry Newbolt in Christian Work.

THE STORY OF LIFE.

Say, what is life? 'Tis to be born:

A hapless babe to greet the light

With a sharp wail, as if the morn

Foretold a cloudy moon and night:

To weep, to sleep and weep again,

With sunny smiles between, and then?

And then apace the infant grows

To be a laughing sprightly boy,

Happy despite his little woes,

Were he but conscious of his joys:

To be, in short, from two to ten,

A merry, moody child, and then?

And then, in coat and trousers clad,

To learn to say the decalogue,

And break it, an unthinking lad,

With mirth and mischief all agog:

A truant oft by field and fen

To capture butterflies, and then?

And then increase in strength and size,

To be, anon, a youth full grown,

A hero in his mother's eyes,

A young Apollo in his own:

To imitate the ways of men

In fashionable sins, and then?

And then, at last, at last to be a man:

To fall in love, to woo and wed;

With seething brain to scheme and plan,

To gather gold, or toil for bread:

To sue for fame with tongue or pen

And gain or lose the prize, and then?

And then in gray and wrinkled old

To mourn the speed of life's decline:

To praise the scenes his youth beheld

And dwell in memory of long syne;

To dream awhile with darkened ken,

Then drop into his grave, and then?

—JOHN G. SAKE.